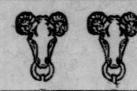
## THE SALT LAKE HERALD.

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## SALOMY JANE'S KISS



## By Bret Harte

gone wide of its mark—the ringleader girl's kiss still lingered there. And that haste had made them careless, for ularly by Mr. Clay, Salomy Jane looked "Ye a of the Vigilantes-and had left Red Pete, who had fired it, covered by their rifles and at their mercy. For his hand had been cramped by hard riding, and his eye distracted by their sudden onset, and so the inevitable end had come. He submitted sullenly to his captors; his companion fugitive and horse-thief gave up the protracted struggle with a feeling not unlike relief. Even the hot and revengeful victors were content. They had taken their men alive. At any time during the long chase they could have brought them down by a free fight, instead of an example. And, for the matter of that, their doom was already sealed. Their end, by a rope and a tree, although not sanctioned by tall fronds brushed their horses' sides law, would have at least the deliberation of justice. It was the tribute paid the flapping of the captive's loosened by the Vigilantes to that order which cords. The peaceful vista, more sugthey had themselves disregarded in the pursuit and capture. Yet this strange logic of the frontier sufficed them, and gave a certain dignity to the climax. "Ef you've got anything to say to

Red Pete glanced around him. He gazing vacantly at the twenty Vigilantes who surrounded them. All were accustomed to scenes of violence, bloodfeud, chase and hardship; it was only the suddenness of the onset and its quick result that had surprised them. They looked on with dazed curiosity and some disappointment; there had been no fight to speak of-no specta-A boy, nephew of Red Pete, got apon the rain-barrel to view the proeedings more comfortably; a could not make out if a hunt were just nately upon the captives and the cap-

quick," said the ringleader.

The ringleader repeated his challenge.

At which Mrs. Red Pete came forward. It seemed that she had much to loping furiously up the slope. say, incoherently, vindictively, to the fetich of the sanctity of sex kept his spare that of his horse. Five men twitching fingers from the lock of his detached to recapture or kill him. with a half-authoritative "Let up on that, old gal," and a pat of his freed abruptly to the second captive. if you've got anybody to say 'good-by'

The man looked up. Nobody stirred briefly told in the "Sierra Record:"or spoke. He was a stranger there, being a chance confederate picked up by Red Pete, and known to no one. Still captured and hung by the Sawyer's young, but an outlaw from his boy- Crossing Vigilantes last week; his conclear away the things while she went hood, of which father and mother were only a forgotten dream, he loved horses and stole them, fully accepting the Boompointer. The judge had refused ble prospect of that proverbial bed she whoever was there must pass her befrontier penalty of life for the interference with that animal on which a a week before. As the thief, who is man's life so often depended. But he still at large, would find it difficult to understood the good points of a horse, as was shown by the one he bestrodeuntil a few days before the property of either of them turning up again.' Judge Boompointer. This was his sole

The unexpected question stirred him for a moment out of the attitude of reckless indifference, for attitude it was, and a part of his profession. But It may have touched him that at that moment he was less than his companion and his virago wife. However, he by the doorpost, who was looking at The ringleader, too, may have been touched by his complete loneliness, for he hesitated. At the same moment he saw that the girl was looking at this friendless captive.

A grotesque idea struck him. "Salomy Jane, ye might do worse than come yere and say 'good-by' to a dying man, and him a stranger,"

There seemed to be a subtle stroke of poetry and irony in this that equally struck the apathetic crowd. It was well known that Salomy Jane Clay thought no small potatoes for herself, and always held off the local swain with a lazy nymph-like scorn. Nevertheless, she slowly disengaged herself from the doorpost, and, to everybody's astonishment, lounged with languid grace and outstretched hands towards the prisoner. The color came into the gray reckless mask which the doomed man wore as her right hand grasped his left, just loosed by his captors. Then she paused; her shy, fawn-like eyes grew bold, and fixed themselves upon him. She took the chewing-gum from her mouth, wiped her red lips the back of her hand, by a sudthrew her arms about his neck and

pressed a kiss upon his lips. They remained thus for a hushed moment-the man on the threshold of death, the young woman in the fullness of youth and beauty-linked together Then the crowd laughed; in the auda cious effrontery of the girl's act the ultimate fate of the two men was forgotten. She slipped languidly to the ground: she was the focus of all eyesshe only! The ringleader saw it and his opportunity. He shouted: "Time's up-Forward!" urged his horse beside his captives, and the next moment the the whole cavalcade was sweeping over the

clearing into the darkening woods. Their destination was Sawyer's Crossing, the headquarters of the committee, where the council was still sitting, and where both culprits were to expiate the offense of which that counch had already found them guilty. They rode in great and breathless haste—a haste in which, strangely foglin' with a horse-thief, eh?" said enough, even the captives seemed to Mr. Clay two days later at breakfast. haste-a haste in which strangely That haste possibly prevented them from noticing the singular change

Only one shot had been fired. It had | keen, his mouth half open as if the that haste had made them called him up.
the horse of the man who led him up.
"I'll tell him that when he's on his unseated his rider, and even dragged the bound and helpless second captive from Judge Boompointer's favorite mare. In an instant they were all on their feet again, but in that supreme rifle-shot, but it would have been un- he further concealed the accident, sportsmanlike, and have ended in a slowly working his hands downwards out of the bonds. Their way lay through a sylvan wilderness, mid-leg deep in ferns, whose

gestive of offerings of nymph and shepherd than of human sacrifice, was in a strange contrast to this whirlwind rush of stern, armed men. The westering sun pierced the subdued light and your folks, say it now, and say it the tremor of leaves with yellow knees of he liked! Sarved 'em right, and afraid to meet a man fair and lances, hirds started into song on blue and dove-like wings, and on either side the door, or shootin' him on sight, they had been run to earth at his own cabin of the trail of this vengeful storm in the clearing, whence a few relations could be heard the murmur of hidden and friends, mostly women and children, non-combatants, had outflowed, ments they would be on the open could be not the open could be n ridge, whence the common turnpike to beknownst slap onter a man hanged to and let you know whar he's hiding. "Sawyer's," a mile away. It was the custom of returning cavalcades to take this hill at headlong speed, with shouts means. Wot more do ye want? But "You'll just stay where ye are, Salomy," said her father decisively. "This ain't no woman's work—though and cries that heralded their coming.

They withheld the latter that day, as inconsistent with their dignity; but, emerging from the wood, swept silently

They want? But they want? But the wood inconsistent with their day, as inconsistent with their dignity; but, emerging from the wood, swept silently

They want? But th like an avalanche down the slope. They were well under way, looking only to their horses, when the second captive slipped his right arm from the handsome, lazy Kentucky girl, a visit- bonds and succeeded in grasping the Ing neighbor, leaned against the door- reins that lay trailing on the horse's post, chewing gum. Only a yellow neck. A sudden vaquero jerk, which hound was actively perplexed. He the well-trained animal understood, just meandered through the wood, shadows like paths to the cottage, and shadows like paths like paths to the cottage, and shadows like paths like paths to the cottage, and shadows like paths like ing neighbor, leaned against the door- reins that lay trailing on the horse's threw him on his haunches with his over or beginning, and ran eagerly forelegs firmly planted on the slope. backwards and forwards, leaping alter- The rest of the cavalcade swept on the man who was leading the captive's horse by the riata, thinking only of another accident, dropped the line to Red Pete gave a reckless laugh and save himself from being dragged backwards from his horse. The captive wheeled, and the next moment was gal-

It was the work of a moment; ringleader. His soul would roast in hell trained horse and an experienced hand. for that day's work! He called himself | The cavalcade had covered nearly fifty a man, skunkin' in the open and afraid yards before they could pull up; the show himself excent with a crowd freed captive had covered half that disof other "Kiyi's" around a house of women and children. Heaping insult upon insult, invelghing against his low these broke dust two yards ahead of ages to get away too, I'll marry him blood, his ancestors, his dubious origin, the fugitive. They had not dared to she at last flung out a wild taunt of his fire low; the horse was the more valuable animal. The fugitive knew this ketched, or in gettin' away arter!" wood; her quicker instinct and rustic takin' any such risks in gettin' training enabled her to determine that it was the ring of a horse's shoe on a woman, until his white face grew rigid, and only that Western-American
fetich of the sanctity of sex kept his
spare that of his horse. Five men were

twitching fingers from the lock of his

detached to reconting Rhew this
ketched, or in gettin' away arter!

Madison Clay smiled grimly, pushed back his chair, rose, dropped a perfunctory kiss on his daughter's hair

And the finding fingers from the lock of his
detached to reconting and would have
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And the finding fingers from the lock of his
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detached to reconting the finding fi ching fingers from the lock of his detached to recapture or kill him. The land, taking his shotgun from the cor- later seemed inevitable. But he had latter seemed inevitable. She stopped, turned and this new discovery of the taking of his she did. She would not have taken hand on her back, took his last parting. The ringleader, still white under lash of the woman's tongue, turned the lash of the woman's tongue, turned abruntly to the second captive. "And their own; at the ord of the word of the was sadly deficient in the lash of the was sadly deficient in the lash of the was sadly deficient in the far pasture. Inclined as he was no clearing. It was no clearing the was without track or trail. The end was "Red Pete, the notorious horse-thief. who had so long eluded justice, was then called the two squaws who asfederate, unfortunately, escaped on a one thousand dollars for the horse only dispose of so valuable an animal without detection, the chances are against

Salomy Jane watched the cavalcade until it had disappeared. Then she became aware that her brief popularity had passed. Mrs. Red Pete, in stormy hysteries, had included her in a sweeping denunciation of the whole universe, possibly for simulating an emotion in which she herself was deficient. The other woman hated her for her moeye casually fell on the handsome girl mentary exaltation above them; only the children still admired her as one who had undoubtedly "canoodled" with a man "a-going to be hung"-a daring flight beyond their wildest ambition. Salomy Jane accepted the change with charming unconcern. She put on her yellow nankeen sunbonnet-a hideous affair that would have ruined any other kiss" piquancy of her fresh brunette skintied the strings, letting the blue-black behind, jumped on her mustang with a casual display of agile ankles in shapely white stockings, whistled to the hound, and waving her hand with a "So long, sonny!" to the lately bereft but admiring nephew, flapped and fluttered away in her short brown holland

Her father's house was four miles distant. Contrasted with the cabin she had just quitted, it was a superior dwelling, with a long "lean-to" at the rear, which brought the eaves almost to the ground and made it look like a low triangle. It had a long barn and cattle sheds, for Madison Clay was a "great" stock-raiser and the owner of a "quarter section." It had a sittingroom and a parlor organ, whose transden lithe spring placed her foot on his portation thither had been a marvel stirrun and, bounding to the saddle, of "packing." These things were supposed to give Salomy Jane an undue importance, but the girl's reserve and inaccessibility to local advances were rather the result of a cool, lazy temperament and the preoccupation of a large, protecting admiration for her father, for some years a widower. For Mr. Madison Clay's life had been threatened in one or two feuds-it was said, not without cause-and it is possible that the pathetic spectacle of her father doing his visiting with a shotgun may have touched her closely and somewhat prejudiced her against the neighboring masculinity. The thought that cattle, horses and "quarter section" would one day be hers did not disturb her calm. As for Mr. Clay, he accepted her as housewifely, though somewhat "interfering," 'and, being one of "his own womankind," therefore not without some degree of merit. "Wot's this yer I'm hearin' of your doin's over at Red Pete's? Honey-

foglin' with a horse-thief, eh?" "I reckon you heard about the straight thing, then," said Salomey Jane unconcernedly, without looking

way to be hung, I'll kiss him-not till then," said the young lady brightly. This delightful witticism suited the

strangely enough, for the first time she "Not much," said her father briefly.

hoss, and then skyuted up the grade. ef they mout hev bin prowlin', and For that matter, on that hoss o' Judge then I lost 'em in the woods again. Beompointer's he mout have dragged It's just like that sneakin' hound Larthe whole posse of 'em down on their rabee to hev bin lyin' in wait for me too. Instead of stringin' him up afore square in the open.' just rode up to him, and I said-" But Salomy Jane had heard her fa-

ther's story before. Even one's dear- bower. est relatives are apt to become tire-some in narration. "I know, dad," she interrupted; "but this yer man— this hoss-thief—did he get clean away without gettin' hurt at all?"
"He did, and unless he's feel enough

"He did, and unless he's fool enough to sell the hoss he kin keep away, too. won't swaller it.'

"All the same, dad," returned the -there! But ye don't ketch Rube

calculated his chances; before they mission to a cow who had dropped a from where she sat, and within the could reload he had reached the woods calf in the far pasture. Inclined as their own; at the end of two hours certain qualities inherent in the Clay they returned, for he had disappeared family. It certainly would be a kind head, more for disguise than shelter, of mesalliance. Left to herself, Salomy Jane stared

valuable horse belonging to Judge Here she was confronted with a possimight be making in her wilfullness, and on which she must lie, in the phocism regarding him and enjoyed it, like your true humorist." and then, face in the little mirror, smiled again. But wasn't it funny about that horsethief getting off after all? Good Lordy! Fancy Reuben hearing he was alive and going round with that kiss of hers set on his lips! She laughed again, a eturned it like a man, holding her tight and almost breathless, and he go-In a certain ingenuous forfeit game of the locality known as "I'm a-pinin'," many had "pined" for a "sweet woman, but which only enhanced the had yielded in a sense of honor and momentary color came into her cheek; braids escape below its frilled curtain again; and yet the man was alive! voice that she said: And behold, she could see in the mirror that she was blushing!

A young man with very bright eyes, a flushed and sunburnt cheek, a kind of fixed look in the face, and no beard; alive," she said, with a levity that died no, none that she could feel. Yet he on her lips, for a singular nervousness, was not at all like Reuben, not a bit. half fear and half expectation, was be-She took Reuben's picture from the ginning to take the place of her rewindow, and laid it on her workbox. lief of a moment ago. "Then it was And to think she did not even know you who was prowlin' round and makthis young man's name! That was in tracks in the far pasture?" queer. To be kissed by a man whom "Yes; I she might never know! Of course he got away." knew hers. She wondered if he remembered it and her. But of course he was so glad to get off with his life that he never thought of anything ed vaguely. "How did you get here?" lse. Yet she did not give more than four or five minutes to these speculations; and, like a sensible girl, again, however, in opening the closet, she found the brown holland gown she had worn on the day before; thought she had not worn her best gown on her

more impressive.

When her father came home that night she asked him the news. No, they had not captured the second horse-thief, who was still at large. Judge Boompointer talked of invoking the aid of the despised law. It retained to the second horse to be ketched against it.

At the same time she had inwardly resolved to rise before him and make another search of the wood, and perhaps of the wood and perhap orse-thief was fool enough to try to haustion, as he said, catching his ing he fell into a tired man's slumbe get rid of the animal. Red Pete's breath at intervals: body had been delivered to his widow. "I'll tell you. You 

today?"

Salomy Jane had not. But she bepaternal humor, and Mr. Clay smiled; came interested and self-reproachful, locality that neither the man who the white Sierras, when she rose and bounds and spread over the woods, but, nevertheless, he frowned a motheir feet again, but in that supreme moment the second captive felt the cords which bound his arms had slipped to his wrists. By keeping his elbows to his sides, and obliging the others to heip him mount, it escaped their notice. By riding close to his captors, and keeping in the crush of the throng, he further concealed the accident, he further concealed the accident at the further sended was struck by anything that ment afterwards.

He further concealed the further concealed the accident with further going to the close the house, care was further to go by here unless the wouldn't dare to go by here un had never thought of it before, and, saw him at Sawyer's Crossing. He reckon dad might; but you're just strangely enough, for the first time she was a kind of friend o' Pete's wife. starvin'. I'll get suthin'." She turned became interested in the man. "Got away?" she repeated. "Did they let out of he'd been there." Salomy Jane "Say you'll take out ef he'd been there." Salomy Jane grew more self-reproachful at her father's self-reproachful at her father's self-reest in her meighbor and struggled, not to trust himself out of the house of joy that rose from her lips died. "Slipped his cords, and going down liness." "Thar was tracks over the grade pulled up short, just like a far pasture that warn't mine. I folvaquero agin a lassoed bull, almost lowed them, and they went round and again with a saucy gesture, said,

"You just lie low, dad, for a day or

Myers shot your ole Aunt Viney's sec- sat by the open window of the sittingond husband, and I laid in wait for room in an apparent attitude of lan-Jake afterwards in the Butternut Hol- guid contemplation, but alert and inlow, did I tie him to his hoss and fetch tent of eye and ear. It was a fine him down to your Aunt Viney's cabin moonlit night. Two pines near the 'for an example' before I plugged him? door, solitary pickets of the serried No!" in deep disgust. "No! Why, I ranks of distant forest, cast long is the down like present the content of the c careless-like, till he comes out, and I sighed their spiced breath in the win- they had embraced two days before dows. For there was no frivolity of but no longer the same. For the cool, but here Phil Larrabee's friends hev and when I found he was the only vine or flower round Salomy Jane's lazy Salomy Jane had been trans- just picked him up, drilled through one, and no come was follerin', I come The clearing was too recent, the life too practical for vanities like these. But the moon added a vague elusiveness to everything, softened the rigid outlines of the sheds, gave shadto the lidless windows, and touched with merciful indirectness the hideous debris of refuse gravel and the So ye see, ye can't ladle out purp stuff gaunt scars of burnt vegetation before about a 'dying' stranger' to Rube. He the door. Even Salomy Jane was affected by it, and exhaled something be tween a sigh and a yawn with the breath of the pines. Then she sudden-

ly sat upright. Her quick ear had caught a faint "click, click," in the direction of the

clearing. It was no errant "stock," for the foot was shod with iron; it was a mounted trespasser by night, and returned. But he had disappeared, after provoking his first harmless boded no good to a man like Clay. She rose, threw her shawl over her

and passed out of the door. A sudden impulse made her seize her father's a long while at the coffee-pot, and shotgun from the corner where it stood-not that she feared any danger up to her own room to make her bed. ing in the shadow of the pines as long as she could. At the fringe she halted; fore reaching the house.

Then there seemed to be a suspense tograph of a somewhat serious young of all nature. Everything was deadly man of refined features—Reuben Wa- still—even the moonbeams appeared ters-stuck in her window frame. Sa- no longer themulous; soon there was a lomy Jane smiled over her last witti- rustle as of some stealthy animal among the ferns, and then a dismounted man stepped into the moonlight. eatching sight of her own handsome It was the horse-thief-the man she had kissed!

For a wild moment a strange fancy seized her temperate blood. The news been hung, and this was his ghost! He looked as white and spirit-like in little more abstractedly. And he had the moonlight, dressed in the same clothes, as when she saw him last. He had evidently seen her approaching, ng to be hung the next minute! Sa- and moved quickly to meet her. But omy Jane had been kissed at other in his haste he stumbled slightly; she times, by force, chance, or stratagem. reflected suddenly that ghosts did not stumble, and a feeling of relief came over her. And it was no assassin of her father that had been prowling from Salomy Jane, which she around-only this unhappy fugitive. A fair play. She had never been kissed her coolness and hardihood returned; this before—she would never it was with a tinge of sauciness in her

"I reckoned you were a ghost." "I mout have been," he said, looking fired," She should hardly know him again, at her fixedly; "but I reckon I'd have come back here all the same." "It's a little riskier comin"

> She felt his eyes were burning her, but did not dare to raise her "Why." she began, hesitated, and end-"You helped me!"

"Yes: I came straight here when I

"Yes. That kiss you gave me put thought of something else, Once life into me-gave me strength to get life into me—gave me strength to get away. I swore to myself I'd come back and thank you, alive or laid in some corner! Was he sure he the state line."

"Yessum," he said to an inquiring lady, in the corral. Take him and you're safe; he can't be outrun this side of the bottom of the canyon is dangerous. anticipated, so plain the situation matter now. The danger was over; seemed to her now. And every word the Larrabee trick had failed; he must

take to the suggestion kindly, nor yet I never had a friend—only a pal like warped shingles above her head to the did she explain to her father that, as Red Pete, who picked me up 'on far-off mean of the rising wind in the the other man was still living, she did shares.' I did want to quit this yer— pine trees. Sometimes she fell into a not care to undergo a second disciplin-ing at the widow's hands. Neverthe-less, she contrasted her situation with stopped, breathed hard, and then said view; feeling the fugitive's arm still

"Rube," or Reuben Waters, was a She had already settled his heroic it's God's truth! I saw it on the hand- ing dread-that he might even then be of the Clay family. It was known in

Such were the ethics of this strange by a still paler pink on the summit of ing cattle in the corral at last broke

draggin' the man leadin' him off his round the house two or three times, ez "Hol' on; I'll come right back," and slipped away, the mere shadow of a coy and flying nymph in the moonlight, until she reached the house Here she not only procured food and

whisky, but added a long dust-coat and hat of her father's to her burden. They would serve as a disguise for she thought everybody must now know events of last night, and his intention hoss wasn't there, and I thought you'd breathlessly. But he put the food and whisky aside. "Listen," he said; "I've turned the

oss into your corral. You'll find him there in the morning, and no one will know but that he got lost and joined the other hosses.'

"I'll manage to get away," he said in a low voice, "ef—ef—"
"Ef what?" she said tremblingly.

"Ef you'll put the heart in me again as you did!" he gasped. She tried to laugh-to move away She could do neither. Suddenly he caught her in his arms, with a long ment. The man stood erect and de- these yer things behind you in the

termined. quickly. ay of defining her feelings.

"Dart." "Yer first name?"

"Let me go now, Jack. Lie low in thar afore they'll be down on you. the woods till tomorrow sunup. I'll Hustle, old man! What are you gawkome again.

He released her. Yet she lingered a moment. "Put on those things," bewildered-horror-stricken. The inci-she said, with a sudden happy flash of dents of the past night for the first she said obediently. She gave her first sigh, and then ran shot!

She was within a few steps of her tage, by deceit, of a foe! own door, when the sleeping woods and silent air appeared to suddenly awake with a sharp "crack." stopped, paralyzed. 'crack!" followed, that echoed over to one barrel had been discharged. the far corral. She recalled herself

woods again. As she ran she thought of one thing only. He had been "dogged" by or his old pursuers and attacked. But armed. Suddenly she remembered that she had left her father's gun standing against the tree where they were talking. Thank God! she may again have saved him. She ran to the tree; the gun was gone. She ran hither and thither, dreading at every step to fail they had told her was not true; he had upon his lifeless body. A new thought struck her; she ran to the corral. The enridge said curtly, "Then wake up horse was not there! He must have and 'lite' out, ef you want me to stand been able to regain it, and escaped, af- by you. ter the shots had been fired. She drew a long breath of relief. but it was caught up in an apprehension of alarm. Her father, awakened from his sleep by the shots, was hurriedly approach-

ing her.
"What's up now, Salomy Jane" demanded excitedly.

"Nothin'," said the girl with an ef-"Nothin', at least, that I can She was usually truthful because fearless, and a lie stuck in her throat; but she was no longer fearless. she answered in return to his wrete on the back:

'And you've hid my gun somewhere where it can't be found," he out how you disgraced yourself and said reproachfully. "Ef it was that him, too, by a low-down, underhanded, sneak Larrabee, and he fired them woman's trick! I've said I done it, and shots to lure me out, he might have took the blame myself, and all the potted me, without a show, a dozen sneakiness of it that folks suspect. If times in the last five minutes."

father's enemy! It might indeed have house and stock are yours; but you been he who had attacked Jack. But ain't any longer the daughter of your she made a quick point of the sugges- disgraced father MADISON CLAY. "Run in, dad, run in and find the gun; you've got no show out here without it." She seized him by the expostulating, half struggling, to the hoss of Judge Boompointer's had got a century.

Every word he said she could have had not left it in the barn? But no

until the sun was well up the horizon.

swiftly ran out into the growing day. Three hours afterwards Mr. Madison Clay awoke to the sound of loud knocking. At first this forced itself mind that if-" upon his consciousness as his daughter's regular morning summons, and was responded to by a grunt of recog- the shootin', but I did come," she went blankets. Then he awoke with a start I heard the two shots, but you were him and hide that heroic figure, which and a muttered oath, rementhering the

nition and a nestling closer in the on feverishly. "I ran back here when Then she rejoined him to get up early, and rolled out of bed got away." hearing the shout of a familiar voice, huntin' me, and forgettin' I was dishe hastily pulled on his boots, his jean trousers, and fastening a single suspender over his shoulder as he clat-

ing upon the threshold was his kinsman, an old ally in many a blood-feud -Breckenridge Clay! "You are a cool one, Mad!" said the

utter in half-admiring indignation. What's up?" said the bewildered

bresh.' he went on querulously, lift-"Wot's your name?" she whispered ing Madison Clay's dust-coat, hat and the away." He stopped and stared shotgun from his horse, which stood at her gloomily. saddled at the door. "Luckily I picked them up in the woods comin' here. Ye ain't got more than time to get over the state line and among your folks

in' and sterin' at? Madison Clay had stared amazed and eyes and teeth, "and lie close till I time flashed upon him clearly-hope-And then she sped away nome. lessly! The shot; his finding Salomy But midway up the distance she felt | Jane alone in the woods; her confusion ing her back. She stopped, turned and this new discovery of the taking of his she did. She would not have taken glanced to where he had been standing, hat and coat for a disguise! She had these risks against their happiness. She, his own child, Salomy quickly again. It must be nearly ten Jane, had disgraced herseif by a man's o'clock! It was not very long to crime; had disgraced him by usurping his right, and taking a mean advan-

"Gimme that gun," he said hoarsely. Breckenridge handed him the gun in ronder and slowly gathering suspicion Madison examined nipple and muzzle; was true! The gun dropped from his

instantly and dashed off wildly to the hand. "Look here, old man," said Breckenridge, with a darkening face, "there's bin no foul play here. Thar's bin no hiring of men, no deputy to do this You did it fair and square-yourself?"

didn't?"

Reassured, yet believing that Madiwhich had affected his memory. Breck-

"Go to the corral and pick me out a hoss," said Madison slowly, yet not without a certain dignity of manner. "I've suthin' to say to Salomy Jane afore I go." He was holding her scribbled note, which he had just discovered, in his shaking hand. Struck by his kinsman's manner,

and knowing the dependent relations through his hair, and straightened out its millionaires." thinking of him. "I wasn't abed; so the paper on which Salomy Jane had I ran out as soon as I heard the shots scrawled her note, turned it over, and

"You might have told me you did it, and not leave your ole father to find it She had not thought since of her much which—you needn't foller. He had scarcely finished the note when, with a clatter of hoofs and a led horse, Breckenridge reappeared at away and strayed among your stock "Yessum," he said to an inquiring lady, "I ain't no hoss--thief," said Madi-

"Nebody sez ye are, but you'd be but, when I began to go down, I took my visit to Red Pete's cottage. On such he said she knew was the truth. Yet an occasion she really might have been her good common sense struggled they would make a search together. At the same time she had inwardly remore impressive.

| At the same time she had inwardly remove him and make an element to her good common sense struggled they would make a search together. At the same time she had inwardly remove him and make an element to her good common sense struggled they would make a search together. At the same time she had inwardly remove him and make an element to her good common sense struggled they would make a search together. At the same time she had inwardly remove him and make an element to her good common sense struggled they would make a search together. At the same time she had inwardly remove him and make an element to her good common sense struggled they would make a search together. At the same time she had inwardly remove him and make an element to her good common sense struggled they would make a search together. At the same time she had inwardly remove the same t wuss-a fool-ef you didn't take him. life in my hand every time. It is plumb I'm testimony that you found him among your hosses; I'll tell Judge Boompointer you've got him, and ye "Oh, Mr. Hance," broke in a sweet

> He laid the note on the table, gave a hurried glance around the house, which he grimly believed he was leaving forever, and, striding to the door. ing forever, and, striding to the door, leaped on the stolen horse, and swept

But that note lay for a week undisturbed on the table in full view of the sound His high color remained, as if it had burned through his mask of indiffer
say to it? What are you goin to tell him?" said Mr. Clay sarcastically.

"What do you kalkilate Rube will give you a burned through his mask of indiffer
say to it? What are you goin to tell him?" said Mr. Clay sarcastically.

"What do you kalkilate Rube will give you a bering his whospered voice in her in him?" said Mr. Clay sarcastically.

"What do you kalkilate Rube will give you a bering his whospered voice in her during the hot, silent, the mule?"

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"What do you kalkilate Rube will give you a bering his whospered voice in her during the hot, silent, the mule?"

"What do you kalkilate Rube will give you a bering his whospered you go in to tell him?" said Mr. Clay sarcastically.

It want to the whow with a new and sin- brokenly, "My hoss is over thar, around her, his kisses on her lips: leaves, pine cones, birds and squirrels what was left of the mule?"

"What do you kalkilate Rube will give you a bering his whospered you can be rule."

"What do you kalkilate Rube will give you a bering his whospered you can be rule."

"What do you kalkilate Rube?"

"Oh, the mule?"

"What do you kalkilate Rube?"

"Oh, the mule?"

"What are you goin to tell him?" said Mr. Clay sarcastically.

It want to the whow with a new and sin- brokenly, "My hoss is over thar, around her, his kisses on her lips:

"Oh, the mule?"

"Oh, open door. The house was invaded by

"Ye ain't harkenin' to me, Salomy."
Salomy Jane started.
"Here I'm askin' ye if ye've see that found Phil Larrabee sneaking by yer oday?"
Salomy Jane had not. But she be"Salomy Jane had not. But she be"Such were the ethics of this strange, by a reliable to the start of the clay family. It was known in the hand-bill agin a tree. Take him, and I'll get away afoot. Take him, and I'll get away, in the district that Clay had flown across the district that Cl

tening to the long-drawn breathing of tered the woods in the dim light of her father in his bedroom, and then, that morning she saw the figure of

> "You are hurt," she said, clutching his arm passionately. "But I wouldn't

"You're thinkin' I was afeard to come back last night when I heard gone. I went to the corral, but your

Becoming aware by this time that the knocking was at the outer door, and ily. "I killed the man, thinkin' he was guised. He thought I was your fath-

"Yes," said the girl joyfully, "he tered downstairs, stood in the lower was after dad, and you-you killed room. The door was open, and wait- him." She again caught his hand ad-She again caught his hand admiringly.

But he did not respond. Possibly there were points of honor which this horse-thief felt vaguely with her fath-"Listen," he said grimly. "Others think it was your father killed him. "It's all very well to 'know nothin';' I made a clear circuit of the house, formed into another woman—a passionate, clinging savage. Perhaps something of her father's blood had surged within her at that supreme momentum must go like a derned fool and leave your father. And then another man come through the woods while I was hidin' and found the clothes and took

But all this was unintelligible to the girl. "Dad would have got the beter of him ef you hadn't," she said eagerly, "so what's the difference" "All the same," he said gloomily, "I

nust take his place.' She did not understand, but turned ner head to her master. "Then you'll

"Yes." he said. She put her hand in his, and they But alas for ethics and heroism.

they were issuing from the wood they heard the sound of galloping hoofs, and had barely time to hide themselves before Madison Clay, on the stolen horse of Judge Boompointer, swept past hem with his kinsman.

Salomy Jane turned to her lover.

And here I might, as a moral ronancer, pause, leaving the guilty, passionate girl eloped with her disreputable lover, destined to lifelong shame and misery, misunderstood to the last by a criminal, fastidious parent. But I am confronted by certain facts, on which this romance is based. A month later a nandbill was posted on one of the sentinel pines, announcing that the property would be sold by auction to "Yes, by God!" burst out Madison the highest bidder by Mrs. John Dart, Clay in a hoarse voice. "Who says I daughter of Madison Clay, Esq., and it was sold accordingly. Still later-by ten years-the chronicler of these son Clay had nerved himself for the pages visited a certain "stock" or act by an overdraught of whisky, "breeding farm," in the "Blue Grass Country," famous for the popular racers it has produced. He was told that the owner was the "best judge of horse-flesh in the country." wonder," added his informant, "for they say as a young man out in California he was a horse-thief, and only saved himself by eloping with some rich farmer's daughter. straight-out and respectable man now, whose word about horses can't be bought; and as for his wife, she's a beauty! To see her at the 'Spring's, of father and daughter, Breekenridge rigged out in the latest fashion, you'd of father and daughter, Breckenfidge nodded and hurried away. Left to himself Madison Clay ran his fingers New York or wasn't the wife of one of

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## MARVELOUS LEAP FOR LIFE.

Baron Munchausen of Grand Canyon Pulls Off His Daily Stunt. (Saturday Evening Post.)

Jim Hance, the Baron Munchausen of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, was sitting on the porch of the El Tovar one day, retailing his marvelous adventures to a shoulders from behind, shielding him the door elate and triumphant. "You're party of gaping tourists. Jim has lived from the woods, and hurried him, half in nigger luck, Mad! I found that stole on the rim of the canyon for nearly half

these days, so it is comparatively safe,

ment—it would be part of her "fool dance in the circus to that tune, and she womanishness,"—and he was in no began to dance right there on the edge mood to see her before a third party. The nat'ral result was that we both went

kept my wits about me. When we was about twenty-five feet from the bottom, after fallin' 3.975 feet, I picked out a nice, smooth spot and jumped off the mule. I landed on my feet, safe and